Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God give you joy ; what are you both pleased ?
Thai. Yes, if you love me sir.
Per. Even as my life, or bloud that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed ?
Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed.
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast :
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole ;
And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth :
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles, and gives Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she rejoyces : she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world together joynes.
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,

Fame answering the most s
To'th Court of King *Symo*
Are letters brought, the ten
Antiochus and his daughter
The men of *Tyrus*, on the
Of *Hellicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he
The mutany, he there hastes
Sayes to them, if King *Peric*
Come not home in twice six
He obedient to their doome
Will take the Crowne : the
Brought hither to *Pentapoli*
Irony shed the Regions rou
And every on with claps ca
Our heyre apparant is a Kin
Who dreampt ? who thoug
Briefe, he must hence depar
His Queene with childe, m
Which who shall crosse alo
Omit we all their dole and
Lychorida her Nurse she ta
And so to sea ; then vessell
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe
Hath their Keele cut : but f
Varies againe, the grisslee N
Disgorges such a tempest fo
That as a Ducke for life that
So up and downe the poore
The Lady shreekes, and we
Doth fall in travaile with he
And what ensues in this selfe
Shall for it selfe, it selfe perf
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest conva
Which might not ? what by
In your imagination hold :

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